

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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London
August 21, 1946



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THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

LONDON

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Lady Sykes and Her Son, Tatton

Lady Sykes is the wife of Sir Richard Sykes, Bart., whom she married in 1942, and is the only daughter of Captain John Francis Grey Gilliat. Her son, Tatton Christopher Mark, will be three years old on Christmas Eve. Sir Richard is the owner of a famous racehorse stud at his beautiful home, Sledmere, in Yorkshire, and has several good horses in training. He is the seventh baronet and succeeded his father, the late Col. Sir Mark Sykes, in 1919.



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



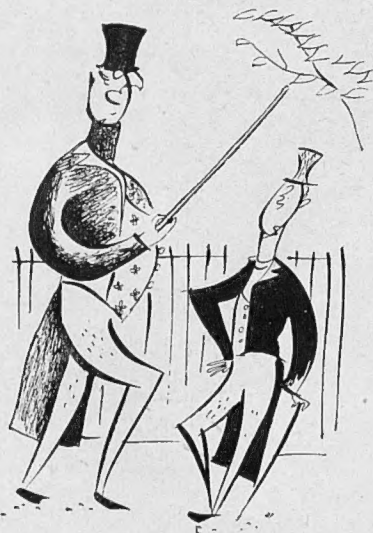
SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

EVERY morning brings news of some fresh Russian trouble or demand. Azerbaijan vanishes behind the "iron curtain," whose shadow begins to fall across our oil wells in South Persia. Monsieur Molotov—who must surely be one of the most unenvied men beneath the heavens—scolds the Paris Conference for daring to hold any opinion valid of which the Kremlin disapproves. East Austria is virtually annexed to the Soviet Union. Now Russia apparently wants to control the Dardanelles.

Perhaps the first secret of good generalship is to allow your opponent no inkling of your intentions. By such a standard, the Russians are admirable tacticians. The American Press at the moment abounds in articles by well-meaning if slightly portentous foreign correspondents who profess their readiness and ability to explain the motives of Soviet policy. But at the end one is still left with the mystery unresolved: Does Russia purpose the destruction of the non-Communist world, or does she genuinely fear an attempt by that world to destroy her?

"If You Can Believe That, Sir . . ."

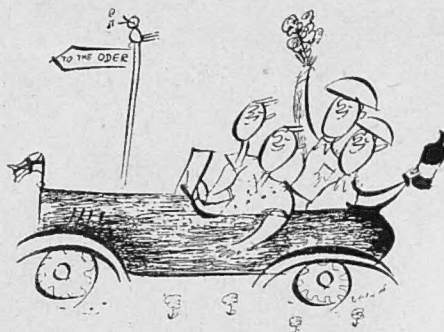
MOST people in the Western world dismiss the second possibility as a ridiculous legend concocted by the Russians themselves to justify their own misdeeds. But in this miserable age it matters little whether a belief be reasonable or extravagant. All that counts is the fervour with which it is held. As happens invariably in epochs of ruin and disintegration, Man has grown shamefully credulous. The Latin regions, and France in particular, are the last outposts of sense. As the supreme broadside,



a French husband will still hurl at his wife the terrible reproof: "Mais tu n'es pas raisonnable." Elsewhere it is just a race to see who can believe the most absurdities at a time. And here the Russians are easy winners.

The Iron Duke was once accosted by a Little Man in the street, who, careless of the nose, the pride now famous throughout Europe, fatuously exclaimed: "Mr. Smith, I believe?" "Sir," thundered Wellington over his cravat, "if you can believe that, you can believe anything!"

To my mind the Russians are nearly two hundred million of such Little Men. They can believe anything. After all, the majority of them believe that England never really fought in the war, but indulged in vicious treacherous intrigues with Hitler to join in an anti-Bolshevik crusade at the right moment. Russia, they believe, broke the power of the



Wehrmacht single-handed; most of them have never heard of the existence of the Channel; quite high officers in the Red Army imagine that England is part of the Continent, and that the Anglo-Saxon forces just motored on a pleasure jaunt from London to the Oder, once Russia had brought Hitler low.

Sublime Ignorance

NOR is this state of belief very extraordinary. I have known Andalusian and Calabrian farmers to be astonished at Englishmen being in the least at home with the story of the Passion; for they fancied us to be a pagan race who had resisted all efforts to convert us. I have known Chinese country gentlemen who refused to admit the existence of Western literature, because no writer of quality, they contended, would attempt to write in any language less perfect than "kuan hua" or what we call Mandarin.

Now your Andalusian or Calabrian farmer, your Chinese squire, can if they like find evidence to refute them in books, radio, newspapers. Not so your Red Army colonel, or the shock-worker in the Sausage-filling Kombinat of the Buryat Mongol Republic. They may know only what the Government wants them to know—and the Government encourages neither admiration for nor knowledge of the outside world.

Bedtime Story

AT the time of our closest association with Russia, the Soviet Government, in their newspapers, over their broadcasting systems,

never honoured England's martial achievements as we honoured theirs. The programme of the B.B.C. these days is splattered with sorrowful reflections upon Monsieur Molotov's latest peccadillo. But it is not more than eighteen months since they used to regale us with those edifying feature programmes designed to whip up our already frantic enthusiasm for the U.S.S.R. These programmes all followed the same simple form. Ippolit Fedorovitch was living in married bliss with his tractor, Maryusha, on the edge of the Black Earth region. He was the district's champion maker of *kvass*; the tractor Maryusha was the toast of all the collective farms for a radius of hundreds and hundreds of *versts*. Then come the wicked Germans, and Ippolit Fedorovitch goes off to the wars. The enemy enter the collective farm, and Maryusha only saves her virtue by asphyxiating the lustier Germans with paraffin fumes from her exhaust.

Meanwhile Ippolit Fedorovitch is holding up an entire panzer division single-handed in the snowy forest. But mortar bombs run out. Ippolit Fedorovitch is about to blow himself up with the "Internationale" on his lips when hark! "The Song of the Red Cavalry" is heard vaguely through the snow-burdened forest. It grows louder and louder. The enemy, deafened, surrenders without ado. It is—it is, Maryusha the tractor to the rescue!



In contrast to this beguiling sort of nonsense the Russians displayed the news of our landing in Normandy in a paragraph or so on the back page of *Pravda*; and almost from the time of Yalta they turned their artillery of invective upon us

Envy

FOR years before the war, moreover, the Russian people had been impregnated with the conviction that the outside world watched the Soviet Union with wicked envious eyes, waiting only to spring. Without this obsession to fortify their patriotic ardour, would they ever have borne the rigours of the various Plans which were supposed to render Russia impregnable against all comers? Moreover, they were never allowed to forget the Allied counter-revolutionary expeditions to Russia at the end of the last war.

Equally, we should not dismiss the possibility

that Russia does regard it as her holy duty to destroy the non-Communist societies and conquer the entire globe for the Cause. It would be in the tradition of pure Marxism and pure Leninism. Did not Lenin once declare he would be ready to see three-quarters of mankind perish, if the surviving quarter turned Communist?

No doubt, too, the Russians realize that a free society—and, despite all the restrictions, our society is still decadently free by totalitarian standards—can never lie down in true peace with a police State of the Hitlerian or the Stalinite type. Nevertheless, I cannot imagine them waging war upon us. Certainly it would be a war where Russia would stand to gain ideologically in any event. For whether she won or lost, we would assuredly go totalitarian—Fascist or Communist in some odious, enthusiastic form. The material advantages which totalitarianism brings in wartime would be beyond the power of our war leaders to resist. And the misery provoked by atomic bombing would leave the survivors with little disposition for freedom, whose protagonists after all have nearly always been men with an easy, happy home-life to protect from outside interference. But in moments of desperation—such as another war would inevitably provoke—men tend to barter their liberty, their souls, against the certainty of even meagre meals and steady if servile employment. . . .

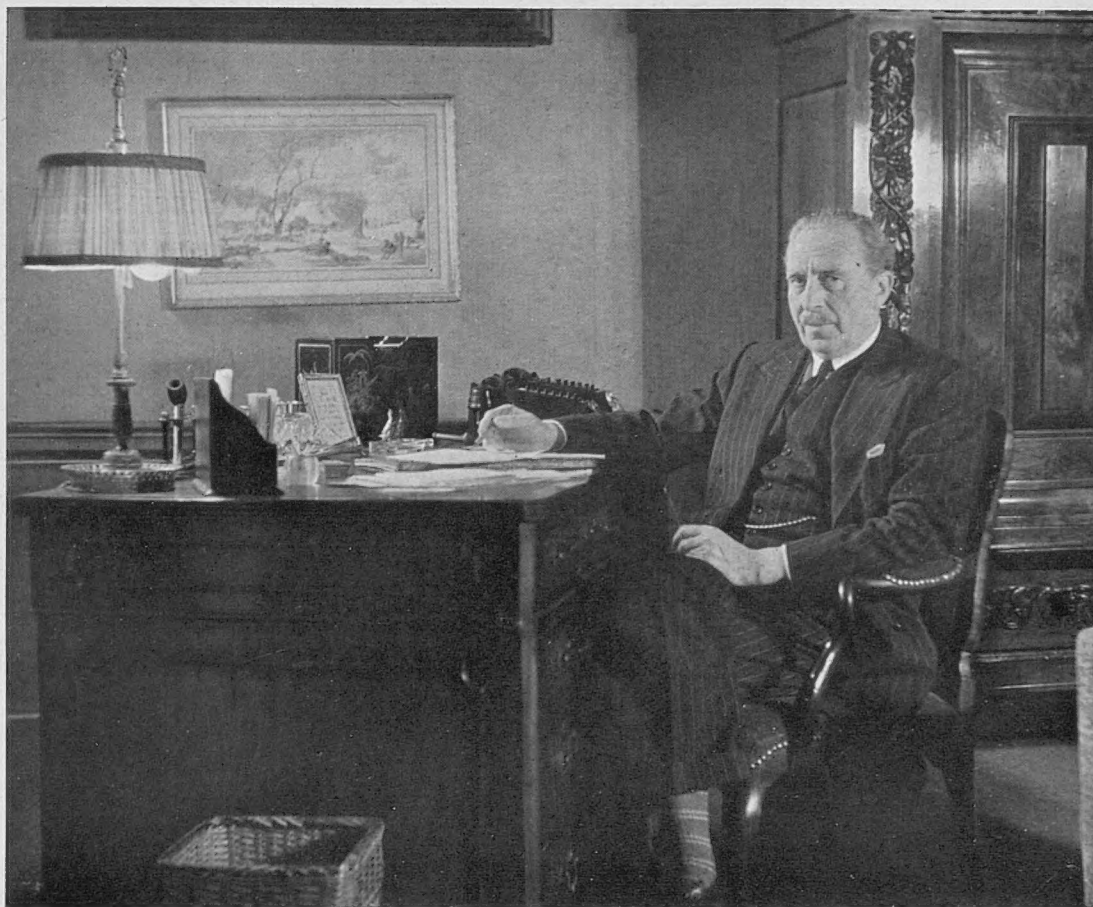
Adam at Spalato

AT Bowood the other day I was vividly reminded of what in some ways must have been a turning-point in British architecture—Robert Adam's visit at the age of twenty-nine, in the summer of 1757, to the ruins of the Emperor Diocletian's palace at Spalato, on the eastern side of the Adriatic coast. With him went that strange figure, the eminent French architect and archaeologist, C. L. Clérissieu, who subsequently entered the service of Catherine the Great, and was partly responsible for that Scottish genius, Charles Cameron, going to Russia and building, among other splendours, the famous Cameron Gallery at Tsarskoe Selo, which I am glad to hear has come unharmed out of the fighting.



Adam and Clérissieu were arrested for spying by the Venetian Governor of Spalato. Towards the foreigners the inhabitants behaved with as much suspicion as if they were already acting under Marshal Tito's orders today. Nevertheless, in a few weeks Adam had assembled details of the Roman palace which was to haunt him for the rest of his life. It informed his splendid design for the vaults of the Adelphi. At Bowood the imperial villa has inspired the Orangery which runs almost the entire length of the house. Diocletian's palace planted in the fairest part of Wiltshire? And why not?

c



H.E. The Netherlands Minister, who has represented his country in London since 1939. He is a connoisseur of English literature

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

FEW men in the diplomatic world change with greater ease and speed from idiomatically flawless, mellifluous, accentless English to Heidelberg German and Sorbonne French (or Leyden Dutch) than the Netherlands Ambassador at St. James's, His Excellency Jonkheer E. Michiels van Verduynen. Strong hands rise to stress a point, and then gently adjust the adjusted tie. The searching, deep-set eyes are emphasized by the powerful eyebrows. The shoulders belong to a mighty hitter, who lashes the ball 250 yards down the middle at any one of four favourite courses near London.

Though numbered among the wealthiest diplomats in London, the tall envoy works in a modest Chancery study, inside a modest entrance by the impressive Embassy in Portman Square. He dislikes fuss and pomposity, and looks more English than any senior occupant of the famous quadrangle in Whitehall. His memory makes him a desirable companion. His character and that of Her Excellency are indicated by the record of forty years service given by their cook, their coachman, and the chauffeur. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether any Ambassador in London of a smaller Power can be so outspoken and firm, when necessary, with those to whom he is accredited.

SON of a Hague Catholic politician, who was Vice-Chairman of the House of Deputies, and Secretary-General of the International Court of Arbitration, young Verduynen hoped to enter the Navy. But his eyes were not good enough, and the law student became President of the University Union at Leyden. Deciding not to enter diplomacy or law, the young man set off to the Far East, principal portion of the empire of sixty-one million inhabitants and eight hundred thousand square miles ruled from Europe by thirteen million Dutchmen in a country one-seventh the area of Great Britain.

Momentarily the capacity to say "No" to diplomacy weakened, and van Verduynen returned to the Hague during the first World War to assume control of

the economic section of the Foreign Office. Thence to Prague, as Minister to the new Republic, and association with the statesmen Masaryk senior and Benes. The two years stretched to four. He returned home to join the re-formed board and help direct the giant tin concern of the family at Billiton. In 1927 he became head of the political section of the Foreign Office and encouraged one of the young secretaries, Dr. E. N. van Kleffens, to go ahead. Then resignation again. "I am forty-five, must enjoy life," said van Verduynen, and van Kleffens rose to his post.

There was motoring in a Rolls, Mercedes and other comfortable cars; shooting; collecting of national and local golfing trophies.

ASKED in 1939 to take over the London Embassy and give up leisure, van Verduynen said, "Only if there is no war, for it is not fair to entrust delicate relations at this juncture to a new envoy." But in September, 1939, the new Foreign Minister was the former young secretary, æsthetic, slim, determined van Kleffens. He said, "Please go on the tenth September." Dr. van Verduynen has been here ever since, ignoring incendiaries, flying bombs, rockets.

There came times during the Hitler War when Holland, tragic State under enemy and then Allied bombardment, needed a firm voice in high Allied quarters in London. Service chiefs who had occasion to meet the Ambassador, listened, reassured him, expressed regrets, offered promises, as they might to a Briton. What else could they do as they watched the van Verduynen mannerisms and that moustache?

Van Kleffens must be congratulated on the achievement of inducing this statesman with a world outlook and modern conceptions to stay in Great Britain through trying, triumphant years. None could better interpret the British to Holland, or the Dutch to Britain.

GEORGE BILAINKIN.



"The Stranger"

Edward G. Robinson, Loretta Young and Orson Welles star in this macabre and thrilling story of a disguised Nazi war criminal who has escaped to a small American town

James Agat

AT THE PICTURES

Do They Mean It?

Do they mean to be funny? By "they" I mean the makers of Hollywood's more stupendous films, two of which I have boggled at this week until there was no boggle left in me. I am to say that at the time I was seeing these films I was also reading the American writer John O'Hara's new volume of short stories entitled *Pipe Night*. The first of these is the obituary, put together by a friend, of Walter T. Carriman, a personage as null as our own Mr. Pooter of blessed memory. Walter T. Carriman was in turns cinema usher, advertisement tout, food checker, freight clerk and tobacco salesman. At this point in his career he met a Miss Hoe, and we read:

"This young lady, who was to play such an important part in the shaping of Walter T. Carriman's mature life, was engaged in caring for the two small children of a wealthy and socially prominent furniture manufacturer. Walter was not one to

allow an inner turmoil to become public property, but one can imagine his sense of frustration, the turgid emotions of the emotional man who never loses control. He could not speak his mind or heart until he had the right so to do. Out of this grew the determination to find something and stick to it, and he became night clerk at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel. The moment he was transferred to the day shift he was at last free to speak. He proposed and was accepted, and the marriage took place at the home of the bride in German-town."

This, to me, is pure joy. So much joy that I continue to quote:

"Walter, who had a sly sense of humour, was a great admirer of Amos 'n' Andy until they went off the air, and at his desk he often would give vent to a quiet chuckle as he recalled some wise and witty remark he had heard the night before while listening to Fibber McGee and Molly. He seldom missed a picture starring Gary Cooper, with whom,

to be sure, he shared many attributes. He had no special preference among the ladies of the cinema unless it be the late Marie Dressler. He did also remark last year that he wondered whatever became of Polly Moran. Walter cast his ballot for Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1932, proving that, lifelong Republican though he was, he recognized the need of a change. But Mr. Roosevelt failed to come up to Walter's rigid standards in subsequent years, and Walter became one of F.D.R.'s most outspoken critics."

The obituarist closes his account by saying:

"Thanks to his foresight and the lessons he learned with Prudential, Walter left Mrs. Carriman comfortably fixed, although it seems probable that she will accept employment to fill the void that Walter's passing has left. In preparing this article I have been giving more than passing thought to the composition of a suitable epitaph for my friend. I jotted down quite a few, but the one which I like best, which in its simplicity

seems to suit Walter the best, is this: Walter T. Carriman, A Real American."

This seems to me brilliant writing. And it was something of a shock when a Bloomsbury intellectual to whom I had given the story to read said: "A bit flat, don't you think?" He had not perceived that the flatness was intentional and that the whole thing was meant to be funny.

HAVE I fallen into a trap? Is it possible that *Concerto* (Gaumont) and *Night in Paradise* (Odeon) are meant to be funny? Let us look at the Gaumont picture first. This seeks to maintain that music is a male art, since it brooks no rivals. Whereas women virtuosi are always mixing up their concert performances with their love affairs. The pianist who holds this view is called Strogonoff, or some such name. Inconsequently, it seems to me, he falls in love with Myra, a female pianist who presently takes so much hold over him that she dictates his piano-playing to him by telepathy from a hundred miles away and more! One evening, when she is pounding away at the Rachmaninoff No. 2 in the heart of Kentucky or somewhere in order to help Strogonoff, who is doing ditto at the Carnegie Hall, she is interrupted by her back-woods lover. Whereby Strogonoff's hands refuse their office, he retires from the platform, chucks piano-playing and becomes a conductor. Seventeen years now pass and Myra is the mother of a back-woods, piano-playing chit who is about to make her début at C.H. (What do the initials stand for? Use your loaf, reader!) Half an hour before the concert Myra visits Strogonoff and asks him to put the chit through her paces. Can she play the damn thing or can't she? Strogonoff says No. Whereupon Mother takes Daughter's place. Strogonoff takes over the bâton from the intending conductor and Myra, under his direction and without having touched the piano for seventeen years, wallops the hide off the old piece as it has never been walloped before. While this is happening Husband makes his way to the wings and, seeing him, Myra jumps up in the middle of the last movement to tell him that she loves him, and Strogonoff and the band finish the bloody thing without her! Is this meant to be funny? It lasted two hours, and throughout that time I did not hear a titter.

Now let me take *Night in Paradise*. This is a story about Croesus who seems to have got mixed up with Midas. Not that it matters very much. What does matter is that this film achieves the most crashing ineptitude ever attained by any motion picture. Æsop, who at the period was some eighty odd years old, is introduced as youthful ambassador and lover, and endowed by Turhan Bey with the looks and manners of a Turkish bath attendant. The fun starts when Merle Oberon, as a Persian Princess, says to Æsop: "I know. You're the author of the famous Fables!" There is fun when Æsop bribes the oracle at Delphi. Fun when Merle and Turhan are thrown from the summit of a cliff on to the skeleton-strewn beach below, but are saved by a sorceress. Fun when, six years later, Merle and Turhan are seen surrounded by their six children, the youngest of whom says, "Is Daddy going to tell us a Fable tonight?" And Æsop replies, "No, dear. Tonight is Mother's night." And the curtain closes with Merle looking bashfully down her unending nose. It is only fair to say that the settings in magnificent thingummy would put both Persepolis and the largest of New York's railway stations to shame. And that at the Press showing the critics, hospital nurses and what-not howled with laughter. But what I want to know is, did Universal Pictures mean them to howl?



Orson Welles appears in *The Stranger* as Kindler, alias Professor Charles Rankin, who marries Mary (Loretta Young), the daughter of the town judge. On his wedding day a former confederate arrives and urges him to give himself up. Rankin kills him and returns to be married. Wilson (Edward G. Robinson), a detective on the track of Kindler, comes to the town and soon suspects Rankin, who in an unguarded and impulsive mood confesses his crimes to his wife. She slowly begins to go mad with worry and, fearing that she may unconsciously betray him, Rankin plots to kill her in the clock tower of the town church. But Wilson corners him and brings him to justice in an unexpected climax



An unnecessary introduction. Doralice (Frances Rowe) is formally introduced to her lover, Palamede (John Clements) by her unsuspecting but equally philandering husband, Rhodophil (Robert Eddison)



*Sketches by
Tom Titt*

Polydamas, Usurper of Sicily (James Mills) who finds that a long lost son, and then a long lost daughter, can be something of a problem when found

The Theatre

"Marriage à la Mode" (St. James's)

MR. JOHN CLEMENTS has taken an obvious risk in admitting a Dryden comedy to share his theatre with *The Kingmaker*. Style is its chief recommendation. Some of the lines have great poetic charm, and all of them, even the bawdy ones, issue unmistakably from a manly, confident, sensible and supple mind.

It is a pleasure to be in contact with this mind, and at the same time a little mystifying. How came it to produce so poor a piece? Well, the poet's age, or rather the courtly and aristocratic section of it to which he belonged by birth and marriage, badly wanted a new sort of drama for its just re-opened theatre, and the great man tried to supply the need, even while feeling that it was work "to which my genius never much inclined me."

Good plays are rarely written in that spirit, and no miracle happened to Dryden; but he was a writer born, and nothing he wrote, however much it went against the temperamental grain, could be entirely negligible. His comedy was, I think, worth reviving, if only for its delightful first act, but Mr. Clements would be wise to shorten it. The matter of the last act is so preposterous and protracted that it spoils the flavour of the other two.

THERE are really two plays in one—a comedy of licentious wit and a Sicilian romance. Mr. Clements rightly fantasticates them both. They are part of the same dance-plot. The periwigged rakes with their cavalier costumes, their masked intrigues, and their ladies disguised as boys, are scarcely less romantic to us than the melancholy love and genealogical fortunes of Leonidas and the fair Palmyra, and what is designedly romantic soon becomes undesignedly comic. That is because the burlesque writers, the Gilberts and others of this world, have come between us and Dryden and because, as Montaigne observes, what makes some men weep makes others laugh.

Dryden's contemporaries may have wept over the woes of the usurper's victims, but we

can, at best, resignedly smile; while the tyrannic humours of the tyrant Polydamas and the extraordinary family complications which first enthrone and then dethrone him clearly demand the neatly deflating music which, in this production, they receive. But the romantic play has this merit, that much of it is written in rhymed verse, verse so musical and, at the same time, so simple and natural as to convert one, on the spot, to Dryden's own preference for rhyme on the stage. Only, one adds the mental proviso, the rhymes must be Dryden's.

BUT the real joy of the play is the quartet of romantic-comic amorists. Melantha, with her affectations and her French phrases, is a superb figure of comedy, but, for once, Miss Kay Hammond disappoints. She looks the part but throws away its lines most disconcertingly, and Miss Frances Rowe, as that arch-coquette Doralice, carries all before her. Hers is indeed a pretty and sparkling portrait.

The men of the quartet, Mr. Clements and Mr. Robert Eddison, are worthy of her, and of the somewhat complicated situation. For the first cavalier is the husband of one lady and the *soupirant* (as Melantha would say) of the other, who is the bride-to-be of the second cavalier, who is wooing the wife of the first. In brief, the representative situation of Restoration comedy.

MR. CLEMENTS has done nearly everything possible to meet the risk inherent in the revival. He has dressed it in the gay costumes of Miss Elizabeth Haffenden, and got Mr. Laurence Irving to design the scenery which is, at once, courtly and romantically Sicilian. Mr. Leslie Bridgewater's musical arrangements are exactly right. It may, by this time, have gained the speed which on the first night it lacked, and if it has also shed some of the tinkling sentiment of the final scenes it will have become an entertainment to be recommended without reserve.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Melantha an affected lady (Kay Hammond) who sacrifices everything in life for "le bon mot"



republished by The TATLER Aug 1946

'The TATLER' introducing the Member for BRIGHTHELMSTONE, Mr W^m TEELING, introducing Sir SHANE LESLIE introducing Mrs FITZ HERBERT introducing The PRINCE REGENT who requires no introduction.

This old print is alleged to have been 'found' by "Tatler" artist WYSARD, who says that he merely 'touched it up a bit' to bring it up to date

THE REGENCY

A description of the brilliant epoch which inspired the recent Regency Festival at Brighton

THE Regency historically only dates with the last decade of George III., when the Prince of Wales acted as Regent in his place after 1811. But artistically and socially, the period extends from his coming of age to his death as King George IV. Then it was in 1830 that the expiring monarch could have exclaimed like Nero—*qualis artifex pereo!* What an artist I die!

For the first time there was an artist on the English throne, which was realised and admired on the Continent. At home it was appreciated by architects, haberdashers, costumiers, furniture-makers and the trades which thrive on enlightened patronage.

Within this period England attained her heights at home and abroad. The Regency was far from being merely an æsthetic movement. Truly, men wore exquisite silks and multi-coloured raiment. Beau Brummell introduced

the era of the Dandies, of which he was first and last. Furniture acquired graceful curves and a distinct beauty which is still applauded in a modern auction. Houses were

*Shane Leslie **

built in the style for ever associated with the Adams.

IN literature nothing could be more symbolic of the genius of the period than Miss Austen's novels. Perhaps their message, however gracefully wrought in words, was not deep, but the Regency was not a time when thought was

profound. It glided and glittered. The Regent himself could not have done himself juster honour than when he invited Miss Austen to dedicate a volume to himself. The characters who moved through her pages full of grace and sentiment, the baronets and clergymen, were the English refined classes who filled the pleasant rooms we vaguely call Georgian, or gazed at the painted ceilings we associate with Angelica Kauffmann and the Adams. They enjoyed leisure and abundance of means, and in spite of Napoleon they lived in perfect security.

The Regency lives monumentally in the Brighton Pavilion, in Regent's Street (or what Regent Street was when Nash left his majestic curve across London) and in Regent's Park. Here we can say the artistic Prince endeavoured to leave the trace of his hand. The British public have forgotten who the Regent was.

(Continued overleaf.)



The Regency Ball in the Brighton Pavilion: Lord Bruntisfield as the Prince Regent with His Court



Sir Anthony Tichborne and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Astor



Mr. Richard Wyndham and the Viscountess Rothermere



Mrs. Oswald Birley and the Hon. Robin Warrender

The Regency (continued)

SETTING aside his vanities and weaknesses, all of which have been unmercifully lashed by the satirists and memoir-writers, here was a British Prince who had gathered around his person the pick of letters and enlightened politics. Remember that George IV. had been the friend, not merely the patron, of Fox, Sheridan and Burke!

He could not help growing fat, which was his chief crime in the eyes of the writers. His taste was extraordinarily good in furniture, pictures and plate. The art collections at Windsor owe immensely to him. Almost every good piece of plate is his choice. The Waterloo Chamber crowded by Lawrences was the commemoration he made of the turn of history—when England had the choice coming to her of commercial industrialism or of the development of her own feudal and artistic civilisation based on an agricultural country. We know too

well the path which greed, avarice, respectability and the middle classes compelled her to take. The Regency became a memory to be besmirched, though it was the time when the aristocracy, the artists and the men of taste and sentiment prevailed.

THE Brighton Pavilion may seem an exotic, almost monstrous, on British shores: but it stands for the period of the Regency, though it began in the dreams of a Prince of Wales who made Mrs. Fitzherbert the presiding goddess. How really conscientious she was has only appeared with historical documents. She was his secret though unofficial wife, and her little surviving house perhaps deserves the respectable lettering marking it to-day—Y.M.C.A.

Think of the painters who painted her—Gainsborough, Hoppner and Sir Joshua! Think of the poets who satirised the Regent later—Byron and Shelley. England was fruitful in Letters as well as in all the Arts. If the ladies

by their simple but classical dress could attract the Graces to English soil, the men were able to bring the Muses to an England which flashed meteor-like before being engulfed in the smoke-clouds of Victorian industry.

The Regency remains in history to show that England could have been an artistic as well as a sporting country. Handel was the peculiar music of the time, and as characteristic as the schools of painting for ever associated with English fame. Scott developed the novel of the period which, however leisurely and gentlemanly, sowed the seeds of the literary romance which English people were to treasure in their imagination as *Beauty in Life or Art* slowly disappeared.

* Sir Shane Leslie, the third baronet, is an old Etonian and M.A. of King's College, Cambridge. He is a distinguished historian and biographer, and his "Life of Mrs. Fitzherbert" (1939) revealed a profound knowledge and understanding of Regency England.



Kathleen, Marchioness of Hartington and Sir Richard Sykes were among those not wearing costume



Lady Caroline Scott, daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, and Mr. Tom Egerton



The Marquess of Hartington with his mother, the Duchess of Devonshire



The Earl and Countess of Rosse. The Countess is a sister of Mr. Oliver Messel



Mr. Oliver Messel, in a striking costume, with Miss Susan Armstrong-Jones



"There was a sound of revelry by night . . ."

Photographs by Swaabe

Sanifer's

SOCIAL

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DUBLIN.—After an absence of six years, Horse Show Week returned with all its usual gaiety. Crowds packed the show grounds at Ballsbridge, where the stands and rails glistened with new paint, the lawns were beautifully mown and the flower-beds filled with scarlet geraniums. The turf of the show rings was in perfect condition for the wear and tear it had to stand up to under the hooves of over 1000 entries. Across the road, at "The Sales," there were plenty of buyers, bidding keenly for the Irish bloodstock, yearlings, horses in training and untried stock offered for sale during the week. There was racing at Leopardstown, Baldoyle and Phoenix Park, including one evening meeting, to say nothing of dances nearly every night of the week.

Many visitors flew over—so easy and comfortable a journey. I left Airways House, London, at 4.30 p.m., boarded an Aer Lingus 'plane at Croydon, and at 8 p.m. was enjoying a sumptuous dinner in Dublin.

The Show opened, as usual, with the judging of the heavy, medium and light-weight hunter classes in Rings 1, 2 and 3, while mares and foals, yearlings, two-year-olds, three-year-olds and thoroughbred stallions, all shown in hand, were competing in the other rings. The hunter judges were all from England, that fine horseman Capt. "Tiddly" Lucas judging the medium-weight hunters with Major de Freville, while in the next ring Major Cecil Drabble, who has ridden many winners himself in the show ring, was judging the heavy-weight hunters with Mr. J. M. Castle. The light-weight hunters were judged by Mr. Herbert Sutton and Mr. Harry Bonner.

THE ladies' hunters on the third day had judges from England, too—Mrs. Oliver Gilbey and Mrs. Kent, who both ride side-saddle and are two of the best women to hounds or in any show ring. Among other judges at the Show were Capt. M. Wickham-Boynton, Mr. Ernest Bellaney, Mr. Horace Smith and Mr. Henry Hinrichsen. The judges of the jumping all came from Ireland, which was not surprising, as the obstacles included two of the terrifying Irish banks! Among the judges for this were Brig. E. T. Boylan, a leading light in the Irish racing world, Mr. John J. Ryan, Mr. Granville Nugent and the Hon. W. E. Wylie.

Mrs. Atkinson, from Offaly, swept the board with her exceptionally fine heavy-weight hunter Landslide, who was champion hunter of the Show. Ridden by Mr. R. Kenny, he won the Laidlaw Champion Cup, the Bright Prospect Cup and the Coote Perpetual Challenge Cup. The reserve champion was Mr. H. Davis Kenny's good-looking bay gelding Pampas Grass, who had won the light-weight hunter class. Both these two horses have been hunting with the Ormond Hounds. The Ladies' Hunter Championship was won by Mr. Eamonn Rohan's good-looking bay Nevada, with Mr. Martin's Sam reserve champion.

AMONG those I saw riding in the hunter classes were Mrs. "Sibby" Masters, the popular joint-M.F.H. of the Tipperary, who has won so many point-to-points; Miss Phoebe Donovan, the animal painter, who rode her brother's horse in the light-weight class; Miss Mary Emmet, who was fourth in the light-weight class (which was an exceptionally strong class, with 138 entries); Miss June Drake, looking most attractive in

(Continued bottom right.)



Viscount and Viscountess Bury. Lady Bury is a daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry



Major Lord Killanin, M.B.E., of Spiddal, Galway, and Lady Killanin watching the jumping



Lady Ada Nield, of Elmstead, Essex, with her nephew, the Earl of Lauderdale



Lt.-Col. Lord Farnham, D.S.O., Joint-Master of the Cavan Harriers, and Lady Farnham



Capitaine de Maupeou (France) clearing a fly fence on Look At Me in Military Jumping Competition No. 2

AN OUTSTANDING EVENT



Mrs. Eva McMorrough Kavanagh (right) talking to Miss June Deane Drake on Darling Cora



Mrs. P. H. Peacock driving her pony All Clear in the big ring after winning the Single Open Harness Championship



Lady Maureen Brabazon, a daughter of the Earl of Meath, and her sister-in-law, Lady Ardee



Sir Robert Paul, of Waterford, Lady Neave and Miss Jean Mackenzie



The Hon. Mrs. Fitzherbert Wright, Mr. R. Goodenough, Miss Brigid Wright, Viscountess Powerscourt and Viscount Powerscourt, who is an ex-President of the Royal Dublin Society, sponsors of the Horse Show



Photographs by Poole, Dublin
Mrs. W. Hall, Master of the Carlow Hounds, Lt.-Col. J. Hume Dudgeon, former captain of the British Army jumping team, Miss Mary Byers and her father, Colonel Roland Byers

Continued.]
a velvet cap, and Mrs. J. Alexander, from Carlow, who was third in another class on her bay mare Lilli Marlene.

The second day was children's day, and everywhere one met boys and girls very neat in their short tweed jackets and whipcord breeches, ready to compete in one of the riding classes or the children's jumping. Among them I saw Miss Jane Barrett, Master Dennis McCarthy, Miss Pauline Dodd, Master Bert Harris, who was

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third in the children's jumping on his pony Golden Vanity, and Miss Ann Murphy, who won the event on Miss O'Dwyer's Pixie. The biggest children's riding class was "the open," for ponies over 13'2, not exceeding 14'2, to be ridden by children between ten and sixteen years old. There were no fewer than seventy-nine entries.

This was won by Master Bert Harris, from Belfast, on his bay pony Border Patrol; his sister, Doreen, was second on her grey pony Silvertip.

In the driving classes Mrs. P. H. Peacock, from Belfast, the only woman I saw competing in the "long rein" events, was a first-prize winner. The jumping was, as usual, a great attraction, and the military event had quite an

(Continued overleaf.)

Baron and Baroness van de Hoop and Their Daughter Diana

Baron and Baroness van de Hoop live in one of Geneva's most famous houses. Their home, which takes its name from the celebrated Genevese scholar Horace Benedict de Saussure, was visited by Napoleon, who stayed there on his way to Italy in 1800. Baron van de Hoop, who is of Dutch-Swiss ancestry, is a noted breeder of fox-terriers. Lady van de Hoop is English-born, and a daughter of Lady Bateman, widow of Lord Bateman



Three-year-old Diana van de Hoop and her pet French poodle



Baron and Baroness van de Hoop on the steps of their home, La Maison de Saussure, in Geneva

Brodrick Haldane

international flavour with visiting teams from Sweden and France competing. On the opening day the Swedish officers competed on Irish horses, which were lent to them as their own had been delayed through the dockers' strike. This proved a successful combination, as Capt. Ankarcrona, a very good-looking Swede, on Tramore Bay, was first, with a brother-officer, Capt. S. Holm, second on Antrim Glens, while an Irish officer, Commandant D. Corry, was third on Aherlow. None of the Swedes had been to Dublin before, and were appalled at the Irish banks, and thought the Irish horses negotiated them magnificently. Later in the week their own horses were managing them, too.

Of the French team, the only one to have competed at Dublin before was Capitaine Fresson, who was jumping at the Show in 1939. For the Irish military team, Cdr. D. J. Corry and Major J. J. Lewis, both beautiful horsemen, were two of the most successful competitors. I saw officers from Poland, America and Holland at the Show, but as spectators, not competitors.

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(Continued)

The Dutch officers, among whom were Lt.-Col. Le Heux and Baron Grouesteins Van Sirtema, told me they were over trying to buy horses, and hoped to have a Dutch team competing in the Show by 1948.

ONCE again Miss Iris Kellet was to the fore in all the civilian jumping competitions, and other successful civilian competitors were Mr. R. McElliott, Miss Sylvia Dodd, Mr. Jack Bamberard and Miss K. Hume Dudgeon, whose father, Lt.-Col. Joe Hume Dudgeon, will be remembered by many in the show-jumping world as one of the best exponents of the art between the two wars. Unfortunately, an accident earlier in the year has kept him out of the saddle at this year's Show.

Among others I saw at the Show during the week were the Earl and Countess of Meath, who

had a house-party at their lovely home, Kilruddery, Co. Wicklow. Other members of their family at the Show were their son and heir, Lord Ardee, with his wife and his two sisters, Lady Maureen and Lady Meriel Brabazon, the former looking most attractive in navy blue and white. The Marquess of Londonderry came over from Mount Stewart and was chatting to Count Jackie de Pret Roose in the enclosure. His son-in-law, Viscount Bury, had a nasty fall competing in the jumping and it was feared he had broken his shoulder. Viscountess Bury was at the Show, too. Lady Carew was with her sister-in-law, Viscountess Maitland, watching a class judged. She was also riding round in the parade of prize-winners on the second day, the only woman riding side-saddle and looking very smart in a top-hat with the white collar and facings of the Kildare Hunt on her habit.

CAPT. and the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet had come up from their beautiful new home, Altdore Castle, in the Wicklow Hills, where they

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(Continued)

had a house-party for the week, and were watching their only daughter, Mary, riding in the parade of prize-winners. Viscount and Viscountess Powerscourt were at the Show every day, Lord Powerscourt being one of the vice-presidents of the Show. His son, the Hon. Mervyn Wingfield, who was one of the stewards, has recently bought a house at Offaly, which he and his wife hope to move into when they can get the necessary alterations done. The Powerscourts had their attractive daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Fitzherbert Wright, and her husband and their four grandchildren staying with them at Powerscourt Castle for the Show.

The Earl and Countess of Fingall were at the Show most days with their house-party from Killeen Castle, Co. Meath. Lord Fairfax and his mother, Lady Fairfax, who had flown over together and were staying in Dublin, I saw walking around. Sir Thomas and Lady Ainsworth were there with their son Thomas. Col. and Mrs. Frank Boylan and their pretty daughter, Magda, were greeting friends from their box and bidding *au revoir*, as they were flying down to Monte Carlo for several weeks after the Show. Mrs. Faber was over for the Show with her young son and staying with her mother, Mrs. Peter Gilpin. Lord Daresbury was another visitor and meeting many friends.

OTHERS there were Lady Neave, Lord and Lady Killanin, Miss Eva McMorrough Kavanagh, Lady Forres in a charming red coat, Major and Mrs. Neil Foster (her father, Major George Drummond, has just bought a house in Ireland), Lord Rathdonnell, who was on the Horse Show committee, and Miss Alma Mackay, who had driven her pony some forty miles up from Wexford the previous week-end. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Crewdson were over from Gloucestershire for the Show, and Mrs. Dickie Harrap, Lt.-Col. Hume Dudgeon and Brig. "Bill" Carr and his wife, who are now living in Norfolk, where he is farming hard, were also there.

RACING

FOR the many visitors who had arrived for the week-end preceding the Show Week there was racing at Leopardstown on Saturday, which was held in brilliant sunshine, when everyone was glad to be able to watch the horses under the leafy trees in the paddock.

There was the usual first August meeting at Phoenix Park on the Wednesday, starting at 6 p.m. to enable people to come on from the Show. Many of those already mentioned were there, and others I saw were that successful trainer Major Darby Rogers and his charming wife, looking nice in navy blue. Major Rogers had trained the winner of the second race that evening. Lady Diana Dixon was watching the racing with Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield; Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, the latter in a mauve suit, were on the stand, and so were Mr. Dennis Baggally, one of the most successful amateur jockeys in Ireland, with his attractive wife, Lt.-Col. Tony Pepys, Col. and Mrs. Alan Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Nicky Morris, the Hon. Lelgarde Phillips (who was staying with Lady Mary Kirk on her boat and had sailed across from England with her), the Earl of Harrington, Capt. Ian Galloway, Mrs. Hubert Hartigan and Miss Denise Daly, who had been busy coping with requests for tickets for the Blazers Hunt Ball. Most people went racing again at Phoenix Park on Saturday to complete the week of sport.

THE TWELFTH

By the time this is in print "the Twelfth" will be past and grouse shooting started, and many of us will be up in Scotland for several weeks. So far, all reports are that grouse are once again very scarce, though in some districts they hope to have a slightly better season than last year. Many parties have already assembled in the north, of which I shall have more to write next week.

Janifer



Ruth Naylor, the singer, and
Mr. F. W. Lund



Miss Shelagh Fraser with
Robert Helpmann



Mrs. Bunny Tattersall and Dino Borgoli



Eva Turner, the opera singer



Mr. Jay Pomeroy, with Sir John and Lady Pratt. Sir John was head
of the Ministry of Information in the Far East from 1939-41

"Don Pasquale" First Night
At the Cambridge Theatre

PRISCILLA in PARIS says

"The whole scene is . . .

EVERY Monday is a holiday in this country, since the "*véque-ende*" (Parisian pronunciation of "week-end") lasts from Saturday midday to Tuesday morning, so perhaps the British delegates attending the Conference that is now sitting will not miss their Bank Holiday too greatly.

We are not quite sure what we are to call the Conference. We thought it was going to be the Peace Conference—with enormous capital letters—but it is also alluded to as the *Conférence des Vingt-et-Un* (which sounds rather like a novel by Dumas) or *la Conférence des Quatre* (which is rather rude to the nineteen other chaps). Personally, I incline towards the *Conférence de Paris*, and the new postage stamps "give me reason," as the French say. At the moment I am not using stamps at all, since the P.T.T. (*postes, télégraphes et téléphones*) are annoying us with one of their strikes. Most disruptive! I adore Paris in August, but not when I am deprived of letters. My husband is away, and as we are the kind of elderly fools who write to each other daily, this rather cramps our style.

It is easier to get letters taken into the country than it is to receive them. One can always go to a railway station and find some kind soul willing to take a note to a small country, seaside or mountain resort, but one has qualms about asking strangers to drop a letter in Paris, given the difficulty of getting around in a large city these days. Besides, the people who left for their holidays at the beginning of the month are not yet coming home.

PERHAPS it is not fair to complain of the transportation in Paris. A good number of motor-bus routes are again working and the *Métro* is slightly less congested. Also, at long last (it happened the very day after I got my "special permit"), if one has a car in running order, and if the various declarations one has

had to make from time to time anent tyres, power of car and general condition have been complied with, one may bring out the old Noah's Arks and drive about freely. The puzzle is, however, to find the juice. We have been told that we are to get twenty litres a month. That will be nice for Miss Chrysler's sixteen horse-power, will it not? I shall have to save for three months before I can take a trip to the Island and another three before I can get back. Happily, I know plenty of butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers, and most of these people have more than they need, so I dare say I shall get a few helping gallons now and again.

IN the winter of '39, before I joined up in the A.S.A., I drove a lorry and its trailer from the Island to the mainland to collect several tons of cement for the local mason's grandpa. The mason himself was getting ready to hang up washing elsewhere. This was when people were calling the war "phoney"! Ever since that small job—which thoroughly amused me, be it said—these kind people have been exaggeratedly grateful. Need I say more? As a pen-pusher and typewriter-pounder I am entitled to a little more petrol than the cinema crowd hangers-on whom we see buzzing around with brilliant blondes, but, even so, the *Métro* will still have my patronage, and my trips on the high roads will be few and far between.

The first Automobile Salon in Paris since the war is due to open on October 3rd. It seems that there will not be any foreign exhibits, and that is a pity. I have seen so many fine small British cars since the Conference opened. The only snag—in a country where we "keep to the right"—is the right-hand drive. However, as it is practically impossible to buy a British car in Paris just now, I don't have to worry. There will be some 500 stands at the Show, which takes place at the Grand Palais

as of yore, but only about a third of them will be occupied by the makers. The rest will be showing innumerable gadgets to freshen up our old cars and make them as good as new.

LIVING within a stone's-throw of the Luxembourg, I see quite a lot of the goings-in and comings-out of the delegates. The dusky, bearded representative of the Negus is a fine sight in his gorgeously-coloured "caftan." He has a brilliant, emerald-green one that would make a lovely evening coat, and a certain violet affair runs it a close second. I imagine him waking in the morning, looking at the weather and pondering: "Shall I wear my blue or my yellow?" It must be a weighty question to decide. Mme. Georges Bidault, the First Lady of the land, has quite a "fan" audience. She is very charming and dresses well. There is a demure, mouse-grey frock worn with black hat, shoes and gloves that is most attractive with its neat bodice and kilted skirt.

Many ladies of the delegation wear those huge "corsages" of fresh flowers dear to *nos sœurs Américaines*, and they make a lovely splash of colour. Any number of hats are trimmed with birds, usually white doves—so symbolical, though the modistes have not gone to the length of adding an olive branch. Gen. Catroux, the French Ambassador to Moscow, simply can't be separated from his pipe, and lights up on every permissible occasion. The whole scene is rather impressive. The amphitheatre of the ex-Senate, with its rich gilding, and all the lovely rooms of the Luxembourg, which was once the Palace of Marie de Medici, form a wonderful setting.

A PART from all the official entertainments and gala performances at the Grand Opéra House, *le monde où l'on s'amuse* is pretty busy. Though quite a few of the theatres are closed, there are still plenty of time-honoured successes to choose

Garden Party at the R.A.F. Staff College



Major-Gen. R. A. Hull and Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Trenchard



Air Vice-Marshal Sir A. P. M. Sanders, K.B.E., Commandant of the Staff College, Lady Tedder, Lady Sanders and Lord Tedder



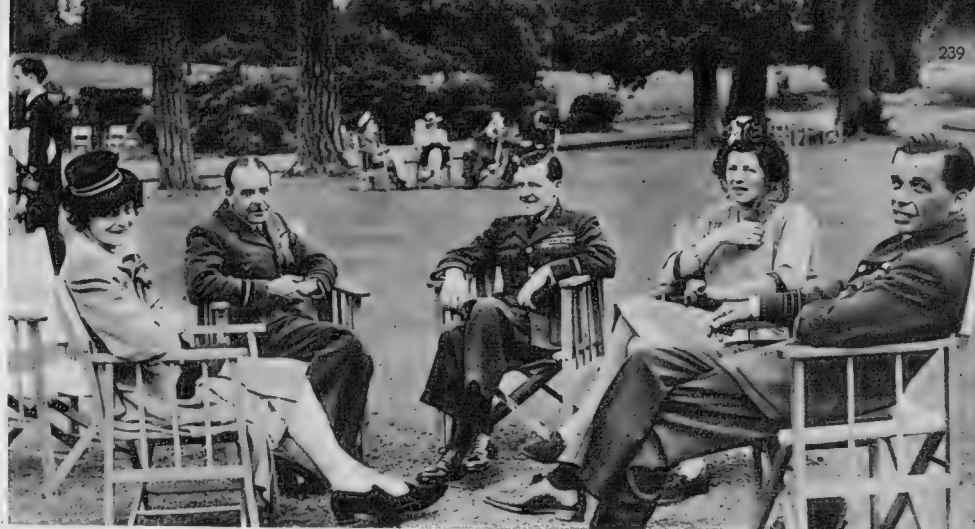
Cdr. R. C. Ogilvie and Mrs. Ogilvie were among the guests

... impressive "

from, and most of the *petites boîtes* are open. The cabarets, music-halls and night-clubs are doing great business. The Lido has been completely renovated and the famous "French Can-Can" still thrills the *non-habitues* at Tabarin. Another newly-inaugurated night-club is "le Carroll's," where the different rooms represent various famous films. The *Visiteurs du Soir*, very Gothic; *Gone With the Wind* in Colonial style, gay with cretonnes, flowers and old pictures. The *Kermesse Héroïque*, which had such a success in London and over which even James Agate's caustic pen waxed enthusiastic, is represented by the picturesque setting of a Flemish tavern. The richest gem—but not the one I prefer—is the Cambodian room, with its sumptuously intricate, golden, embossed carving suggesting all the treasures of the temples of Angkor. And then, of course, for those who know how to find their own pleasures, there are, simply and purely, the old streets on the Left Bank—but this will be another story.

Voilà!

Many post-war youngsters, and also those who played in the streets during the last years of the war, have a morbid fondness for the grim games that war has taught them. One hopes, however, that the shortage of bread and its rationing in England will not inspire the babes born within the sound of Bow Bells to follow the example of three little Belleville kiddies who, bored with playing at "killing a Boche," decided that they could play at "having something nice to eat."



Mrs. V. E. Groom, Air-Cdre. Sir Harry Broadhurst, Air Vice-Marshal V. E. Groom, Mrs. B. J. Holmes and W/Cdr. Holmes



S/Ldr. A. D. Alexander, Miss J. Sciortino, Mrs. P. Keens, G/Capt. L. T. Keens and F/Lt. P. Eaton

at Bracknell, Berks



Miss Barbara Rodd, G/Capt. B. A. Eaton and W/Cdr. and Mrs. Thomas



Guests chatting with senior R.A.F. officers and instructors on the lawn of the Staff College

IN SPITE OF CHANGEABLE WEATHER THE RACING AT BEMBRIDGE WAS A GREAT SUCCESS



Sir Charles and Lady Campbell. Sir Charles, who is the twelfth Baronet, lives at Bembridge, Isle of Wight



Lieut.-Colonel J. D. K. Restler, O.B.E., with Mrs. Restler and their daughter Sheila



Mr. Sydney Graham, C.B.E., and Mr. Philip Russell



Mr. and Mrs. John Russell were among those enjoying the racing and the sunny weather



Lord Camrose, G/Capt. Loel Guinness, the Rt. Hon. R. Hudson, M.P., Lord Camden and Major-General R. E. Laycock, C.B., D.S.O.



Lady Isabel Wodehouse, who is the aunt, Colonel Sir Vivian Gurney



Sir Godfrey Baring, who is chairman of the Royal National Lifeboat Institute, and Lady Baring



Mr. F. G. Mitchell (right), Commodore of the Royal Corinthian Y.C., with his wife and Mr. Charles Nicholson



Sir William Dyke Acland, with Lady Acland and daughters, including Mrs. Edward O'Brien

THE SS

Regatta Week at Cowes brought the yachtsman's calendar back to normal this year. The Solent was favoured with excellent racing weather, and the entries, which compared well with pre-war numbers, provided keen and eventful sport, in spite of the absence of most of the larger yachts

(More pictures overleaf)



Bruce Atkey, who has just turned seventy, has been sailing off the Isle of Wight since 1884, and has had fifty-four boats

of Chichester,
man



Earl of Kimberley's
and Mrs. R. Scrope



and three of their
ing sun-glasses)



Mena, belonging to Colonel A. J. Newman, the St. Nazaire V.C., leading in the 6-metre International class race, which she won



Fane, owned by Mr. J. Dudley Head and Major Percy Garrett, with her spinnaker set during a six-metre race



Capt. and Mrs. Granville Soames coming ashore from a visit



Mr. Richard Preston, Lady Preston and Miss Morris

Cowes Regatta Week Visitors

(See also previous page
and next week's issue)

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS



GREATLY pained to hear of a recent push-round between two angry booksy boys at a Hollywood party, during which what Pierce Egan calls "the Claret" flowed liberally from two literary snozzles, we reflected with relief that it can't have been a really dangerous affair. The average booksy boy is too fond of his plump pink torso to go berserk.

Even in the wildish Nineties, when the Café Royal boys defiantly tossed back the absinthe (Pernod 60%) night after night to show the contempt felt by Emancipated Genius for the Bourgeoisie, there was never, apparently, any really first-class brawling. It was different in Paris at the same period, an aged boulevardier once told us. There the booksy mob included one or two really homicidal and detestable tosspots like André Gill and Alfred Jarry, the tramp-like author of *Ubu-Roi*, who, after tanking up on *la sorcière glauque* all evening, would produce a knife or a revolver and indulge in a little vexation. Why the nightly skinful of Pernod never sent the Yellow Book boys equally haywire one can't imagine, or at least one can. Our private theory is that they hated the beastly stuff and tipped it skilfully into the nearest gilt palm-pot when the Bourgeoisie wasn't looking.

Footnote

JUST a pose, in other words, like those beards and cloaks and sombreros; all designed to terrify and impress the suckers. To-day, even in Paris—the Republic having banished absinthe long since—the literary boys are prim, trim, suave, natty and decorous, shooting a line on personal charm rather than inspiring fear and horror. Even so we'd rather drink with dustmen.

Change

IN a newly-built British motor-tanker the crew has spacious individual cabins and a large airy communal messroom adjoining the galley, showing that the golden days when pious South Wales shipping millionaires kept their crews in pigstyes and fed them on clinkers are probably over for good.

Some years ago, voyaging in a tramp steamer to Spain, we marvelled at the stoicism of the hairy mariners, who, though passionately fond of smiting all and sundry, never smote their Board of Directors as they sat passing resolutions round a mahogany table. Even the third engineer, who was tattooed all over with different women's names and had swung a pretty broken bottle in the Gorbals in his time, stared at us open-mouthed when we suggested it, and changed the subject. Knowing his Chairman, we knew that even a raised eyebrow from a pantry-boy would cause that potentate to drop dead from fright. However, a little later a very attractive demagogue called Captain Somebody-or-other began pointing out to merchant-seamen all over Great Britain that to exist like

hogs is not really necessary. The new tanker is probably one direct result.

The fantastic thing about the Captain, incidentally, was that he harangued his fellow-mariners in a glossy topper and perfectly-cut morning clothes, like a West End dude of the period. We've since inquired after him in Labour circles in vain. Even the Peerage can't tell us anything. Maybe he was just a sun-myth, like Napoleon.

Matinée

"AND what's on the menu to-day?" asks a distinguished surgeon in a new play as he sweeps into the operating-theatre. The *plat du jour* turns out to be filleted heart.

Glimpsing a notable Harley Street star in the backstage corridors of a celebrated London hospital the other morning, we reflected that the big boys lack nothing but incidental music. The concentrated floodlights, the snowy-white, impressive, and beautiful groupings, the swift, disciplined, faultless ritual, an audience as breathlessly adoring as any West End first-night mob, the public idol himself dominating the scene as imperiously as any Irving or Tree—all are there. A discreet string orchestra would (we thought) greatly enhance the value of that final graceful gesture of finality with a long fortissimo chord as the master steps from the table.

The scene would then proceed smoothly enough as follows. Elegant, cool, and shrugging smilingly while the frenzy dies down, the star addresses the audience in the classic Irving Manner:

STAR: Ladies and Gentlemen, I am your most humble, most most faithful, most obedient, and most grateful servant. (*Frenzy.*) This is the proudest moment of my life. (*Frenzy.*) Never before in the history of this most historic theatre...

(*Renewed frenzy. No more is heard for some time, though the master's mobile lips keep moving, save a phrase or two such as "My Art..." and "We of the Theatre..." At length the golden, vibrant voice dominates the scene again.*)

... response to your most generous encores I have great pleasure in presenting, with the aid of my talented company, a duplex tracheo-rhizotomy of the cervicular parabellum. (*To orchestra-conductor*) Thank you, Mr. Tweedler.

The same patient could serve over and over again, and maybe does.

Enigma

A TEN-YEAR-OLD citizen who has invented a new sport called "mouse-boat racing," in which a toy boat's paddles are worked by a mouse in a treadmill amidships, has attracted the notice of the R.S.P.C.A., and quite rightly.

What chiefly interests us once more is the unusual size of the championed. The Race doesn't generally excite itself over the sorrows



"And just how long have you been demobbed, young man?"



Sir Terence Langrishe, of Kilkenny, and
Col. F. R. Britten



Mr. Charles Taylor, M.P. for East-
bourne, and Mrs. Taylor



Lady Ralph Gore and the Marquess
of Northampton

Standing By ...

of any dumb chum measuring less than about eight inches in length. Mild elderly clergymen who pop live butterflies into a killing-bottle, inflicting a slow and painful death, are never denounced. You won't move any Island gathering to tears (we've tried) by reciting the bitter sufferings of a half-trained flea at the hands of his master. Proceeding lower down the dimensional scale you find no sympathetic reaction at all to lice or microbes. As a modern poet has brutally observed:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
The Streptococcus is the test—
I love him least of all.

The entire microbe underworld could break its tiny aching heart and no gentlewoman would ever write to *The Times* scourging the vile biologist boys. Yet if you are rude to a horse or a cricketer, if you refuse a doggie's paw or spurn a shaggy, pathetic Brains Trust philosopher, the whole of Anglo-Saxondom is up in arms. Enigma.

Vision

To think of the master Vaslav Nijinsky as elderly, moody, bald, and a physical and mental invalid (as a Viennese journalist recently described him) and to remember his glorious flying leap through the window at the end of *Le Spectre de la Rose* is to be reminded forcibly of the fleeting vanities of this life.

And of something else. Even as we held our breath in a London theatre all those years ago we saw clearly in our mind's eye four stout invisible stage-hands holding the mattress some four feet below the window, backstage. Their names (we thought) would be Ted Willis, Charley Turner, Dusty Miller, and George Whackett. While the exquisite Karsavina danced her girlish dreams to Weber's music, like a rose-leaf drifting on a summer night-wind, Mr. Willis would be discussing Hambone's chances for the 3.30 with Mr. Turner in a muffled undertone, Mr. Miller meditating on steak-and-chips for supper, and Mr. Whackett, maybe, digesting the annoying behaviour of his wayward love during that gas-meter row and determining to give Mrs. Whackett a thick ear. And underneath all these surface activities, what inarticulate pain, what secret sombre passions, what unsatisfied dreams! A sudden red light and a distant orchestral crescendo put an end to them all. A moment later Nijinsky came flying spreadeagled towards them and landed with a dull *whop*, and the evening's work was over.

How infinitely more vital and tense (we thought) than any ballet danced by Karsavina and Nijinsky would be a mimed performance by the spirits of good and evil contending at that moment for the control of Ted Willis, Charley Turner, Dusty Miller, and George Whackett. Goethe would be the ideal boy to

write the libretto. Or Dostoivesky. Or that square, spotty girl who writes those uffish novels.

Opening

PIRACY as an ideal career for home-girls (we thought, meditating on the recent death of an Irish citizen descended from Grace O'Malley, the celebrated Pirate Queen of the West) is invariably overlooked by those girl-oracles of Fleet Street who advise on all problems with such effortless ease.

Good looks, nerve, charm, seamanship, and *savoir vivre* enabled Grace O'Malley to put the gombeen-woman Elizabeth Tudor in her place. Home-girls who merely dress up as men and join the Army, like Mrs. Christian Davis of the Life Guards and that Strasburg sweetheart who loved the dashing Captain Peter de la Fontaine in the 1740's, rarely get anywhere, chiefly because they lack the O'Malley's business-instinct. Nevertheless the Strasburg girl, who tackled the Duke of Berwick, G.O.C., direct, had the right idea; for the Big Shot, being (unlike his yes-men) a sportsman, allowed her to join her lover's regiment as a gentleman-volunteer "for the Novelty of the Humour." Had she not died of smallpox in the next campaign that sweetheart might have retired as a Quartermaster-Lieutenant, with the customary fortune.

Salt

CELEBRATING its 450th birthday recently, the Dominican Republic might, for the benefit of chaps like us who get puzzled over maps and confuse it with the British island of Dominica in the West Indies, have seized the opportunity to rechristen itself Hispaniola, "Little Spain," which was what Columbus called it, unless we err.

The Admiral of Castile should have made the difference clearer. He generally named his discoveries from the Calendar (we've renamed a few since) and thus had plenty of choice. However, it appears that Columbus in December 1492 was suffering from anxiety—it was his first voyage—and loss of sleep, which affects the sweet nature of admirals, as is well known. "Hispaniola!" sounds exactly like what an overwrought admiral once roared at us on a Berkshire golfcourse when we requested permission to go through. He was a fine ripe specimen, bloodpressure, veins, and all, and as we never caught his name we privately christened this tough, disturbing old salt Admiral Glauber. Nobody crossed Admiral Glauber's bows without getting hell. Apart from bellowing "Hispaniola!" in 1492 Columbus seems to have kept a more even keel; being possibly a greater man.

Naval chaps say the old Blue-Water School of easily-vexed admirals is dying out. The ideal example is that admiral in Rimsky-Korsakoff's memoirs who rushed at an able seaman one day and bit his nose off. It takes all sorts to make a world but why?



"What do you mean, 'Keep off the grass'?
Sometimes I wonder if this war was really worth-
while"



"Your bird, I believe, Sir——"

SCOREBOARD

THIS is the season of the year when keen but disappointed bowlers sweat for their hundredth wicket on the sands of the seashore, and they are happy to take it against a youngest nephew with an in-swinging starfish or a dehydrated jellyfish; at Budleigh Salterton, perchance, or bracing Margate.

Years ago, when Alexander's Ragtime Band was a hot novelty, and dandies sucked the top of their canes while proposing marriage, we haunted Margate in August. Carrie Tubb was nightly singing "Ocean, thou mighty monster," at the swagger new Winter Garden. My brother and I used to play single-wicket on the sands. Our homely skill was noted by a grey-haired man in a thunder-and-lightning blazer. This benevolent busybody proved to be what would, in these hypocritical times, be called a Youth Leader or Holiday Welfare Organisation Administrator. He asked us to join in a game of cricket on the following Saturday. After open consultation we accepted. We walked miles that Saturday, on pavements where those who disdain standard methods of cookery could have fried innumerable eggs.

At last, like two Doctor Brydons emerging from the Khyber Pass, we reached the ground, and were told we were too young for cricket, but would we like to play Podex? Would you play a game that sounds like a panacea for gout? We trailed homewards, using words we'd overheard on the beach; and bought ices till the money ran out. Podex!

IT is also the month of country-house cricket; but country-house life is dying under the strangle-grip of death-duties. How aptly they are named. Besides, those to whom the Stately Homes are passing are more likely to enjoy a little corpulent clock-golf than cricket.

Memory flits back with regretful delight to Watts House, near Taunton, where gay matches were played under the blue Quantocks, and Burgess, the home butler, used to umpire with that discreet and intelligent partiality which distinguishes butlers from the rest of the sentient world. When his master was "palpably l.b.w.," as the old critics used to write, Burgess would lean inquiringly down the pitch, cast an eye at the clock to see how long his master had been in, clear his throat, then say to the bowler, whom he would later reimburse with a double Scotch off the record, "not quite, sir, not quite." And the bowler would take it.

Only a fool opposes butlers. Burgess loved children, and would amuse them by pretending to trip over the carpet when he carried in the tea-tray, having first ascertained that his master was engrossed in *Country Life*.

"WHEN I was a small boy, I used to pray each night for Surrey." The boy was Herbert Farjeon, whose "Cricket Bag" has been collected by his brother, J. Jefferson. It is full of wit and poetry. In the chapter "Gossip While You Wait," he quotes Lord Hawke's immortal sentence about Wilfred Rhodes: "The presentation of his portrait to me last year was the crowning tribute to his wonderful career." I love, too, in reference to dangerous bowlers, Herbert's remark: "We all enjoy feeling sorry for people who get hurt. Applauding them when they manfully continue their innings is one of the real pleasures of the game." There was only one of Herbert Farjeon.

ARTHUR MAILEY, the great Australian leg-break bowler, dropped on England the other day from the skies. He says he came just for the ride. But to spy out the nakedness, or otherwise, of the land is he come; and to see what he thinks of Alec Bedser. He told me that Don Bradman will surely play for Australia against England; but not that deadly bowler, "Tiger" O'Reilly.

R. Robertson Glasgow.

Racing at Leopardstown, Dublin

This meeting was held on the eve of the Dublin Horse Show, and many of the racegoers who were there were staying in Dublin especially for the start of the famous show



Mrs. Robin Wilson, with her daughter, Lady Caroline Child-Villiers, whose father is the Earl of Jersey



Captain Sir John Prichard-Jones, Bt., and Lady Prichard-Jones, who is a daughter of Sir Walter Nugent



Viscountess Maitland, Miss Maureen Ormrod, and Lady Carew, wife of Lord Carew, who is to be Joint-Master of the North Kildare Harriers next season



Colonel the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Corbally Stourton. Colonel Corbally Stourton is an uncle of Lord Mowbray



The Hon. Mrs. Alexander, wife of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Herbrand Alexander, Field Marshal Viscount Alexander's elder brother, Mrs. Eyre and Mrs. Redfern



Mrs. Thomas Ainsworth and his mother, Lady Ainsworth, wife of Sir Thomas Ainsworth, who is ex-Master of four famous Irish packs

By "Sabretache"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

URGENT affairs of State having made it imperative that the Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia should relinquish his charge, speculation has not unnaturally been rife as to who will succeed him. It may be said, I understand, that there is no immediate probability of any other member of the Royal House carrying on where H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester leaves off, even though there is one very obvious choice, which it is said Australia would most eagerly welcome.

"The Choice" happens to be a sailor, who hears the sea a-calling and can't hear nothin' else. He only forsook the ocean for that brilliant period of war history out of a strict sense of duty. Sailors are like that towards the sea: the constancy of the sea-shell! Jean Richepin expressed it so well: "*On entend au fond d'une coquille creuse chanter toute la mer.*" The French poets are so good at this sort of thing! The outgoing Excellency leaves Australia with as deep a regret as is embodied in her farewell to him.

Land of the Paddy Melon

As a great many people know, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester's favourite relaxation is fox-hunting, but, during the time he has been away from us, there has been no report of his having sampled the Australian variety, not even with the famous Melbourne Hounds.

They might have been a revelation to someone reared in the Leicestershire tradition. Their intrepid followers jump wire and four-railer timber quite impartially. It is bare and undisguised wire, and, therefore, not quite so bad as that hidden death-trap which causes the ruddiest cheek to blench. Timber we have and to spare, and no one who goes to Leicestershire need go out looking for it; but wire . . . it covers us all over with the creeps.

Shooting was never so much H.R.H.'s long suit as it is that of his Royal brother, H.M. the King, and, anyway, Australia does not pretend to be a shooter's paradise. No one would willingly knock down a white cockatoo, and, anyway, he would not be in it with a Jack Snipe. There is, of course, the Paddy Melon, who is a bird and not a cantelupe; but I have never met anyone who has shot him, and I haven't the faintest idea what he is like. Likewise, I do not know exactly what a Mopoke is, and I sincerely hope that I shall never meet the Bunyip. They say he is bigger and much nastier than even our Loch Ness monster.

Hippodromania

IF the rascally collector of unconsidered trifles I had recently been humping his swag around one of our famous racecourses, I feel that there is one little titbit of information that he would not have neglected—the realisation of how lucky we are that Marsyas II. is not in the Cesarewitch. If he had been, it is difficult to see how we could have prevented that valuable prize following so many others to the opposite side of the Channel. Marsyas II. is bracketed third with Ardan in the French classification of weight for age to Caracalla II. and Coaraze. The French very rightly hail Caracalla II., that brilliant four-year-old who ran away with our Ascot Gold Cup, their champion. We saw how good Marsyas II. was in the Queen Alexandra Stakes (Ascot, June 21st), when he won with his ears cocked at the end of 2 miles 6 furlongs 75 yards. He did exactly the same thing in the Goodwood Cup, 2 miles and .5 furlongs. I therefore believe that Autolycus would never have missed this great titbit.

How could Marsyas II. have been kept out of the Cesarewitch! And yet it has not occurred to anyone until now to tell us how much we ought to pat ourselves on the back because he is absent. That Prowler would have pounced on this information at once. The astonishing thing to me is that this six-year-old entire is still so fond of racing. He has won both times like a horse that is thoroughly enjoying himself.

It was most exhilarating, for most of them are apt to begin to turn a bit crusty when they reach a maturity which they think entitles them to that ease with dignity which is usually associated with the Sultan of the Harém. Let us hope that Trimdon may now give us another winner, and if White Jacket is even half as good as Marsyas II., there will be some compensation.

Our Hopes

AS I view recent events, we have one or two quite definite ones. Sir John Jarvis' French-named Reynard Volant is one of them, and Sir Percy Loraine's Nebuchadnezzar and Neapolitan might be others, and Linkman yet another, though I think, as regards the three latter, a Scottish verdict would be the most prudent, at any rate at the moment.

Reynard Volant, who I suppose is booked for top weight in the Cesarewitch, is no more French than I am, and I expect that the only reason why he was not called Flying Fox was because that name had already been appropriated by a distinguished performer a-many years ago. He is very well-named, nevertheless, being by the sturdy Foxhunter out of Flying Shell. That which interests me personally is that he has The Tetrarch blood close up on the dam's side, as Flying Shell is by Tetratema, whom they called a roan, but he was really a dark grey with not much sign of blue in him. This breeding fact may perhaps put a further stopper upon the somewhat persistent idea that nothing descending from Roi Herode will get over a distance of ground. I should have thought that Caligula and Polemarch, successive Leger winners (1920 and 1921), might have laid this old bogey, but they did not, and many other instances have likewise failed to eradicate a prejudice which never ought to have been born.

I am sure that all his friends will hope that Sir John Jarvis will cap the Ascot Stakes and the Goodwood Stakes with the Long Dart, and, what is more, that this stout horse will consolidate a dynasty in this land where the rock-bottom stayer is so scarce.

More Wares

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, as the bookmakers now seem to realise, is a very nice colt, and as we now have cause to believe that Nearco does beget stayers, and as this colt's dam, Yasna, is by Dastur, he might stay quite a distance, even if not so long as that strong-willed old vegetarian after whom he is named.

I think Autolycus would have put something else in the bag—Neapolitan, another Nearco. He must have won that Gordon Stakes at Goodwood if he had not been left standing. It was shocking luck. I wonder by how much Harry Wragg could have won if he had got off. I observe that Neapolitan was quoted at 28 to 1 for the Leger and Fast and Fair at 25 to 1. After what everyone must have seen at Goodwood, this just does not add up. If Neapolitan has a 28 to 1 chance, Fast and Fair ought not to have a 50 to 1 chance.

Golden Horus is another one we have got to consider after his win in that meandering Great Metropolitan, for he scored like a good horse, and I am sure he must be one, for his jockey had not even got hold of him at the finish. It is usually found that they will stop when you let go. That has been a personal experience gathered over a great number of years. Golden Horus is in the Cesarewitch, and is, I should think, quite as well worth talking about as Signalman, if he has any luck at all in the weights. I should be more inclined to pick Signalman for the Short Dart; he is a very nice sort with plenty of pace, and they think he could get over much more than the mile and a quarter of the Chesterfield Cup. He would only have to get a furlong farther than a mile to win the Cambridgeshire, and that race looks just about his weather.



Lord Allerton, Colonel G. de Chair, O.B.E., M.C., and Sir Alfred Munnings, President of the Royal Academy, were three of the judges



Mr. R. L. Brignall, of Dingley, Market Harborough, who won the Light Weight Hunter Class, talking to Lady Munnings



Holloway, Northampton
Lt.-Col. C. T. Waheyn, M.C., D.S.O., awards first prize in the juvenile Jumping Event to Miss Pamela Lucas

The Weedon and County Horse Show at Northampton



The Master
of Chartwell

Mr. Winston Churchill in his study at Chartwell Manor, Westerham, Kent, which has been bought for the nation by a group of his friends. He has lived there with his family for twenty-four years. Subsequently it will become the property of the National Trust, and will remain a permanent memorial to the part he has played in British history

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"The Congress of Vienna"

"Aurélien"

HAROLD NICOLSON'S *The Congress of Vienna* (Constable; 18s.) would be of the first interest at any time: its appearance this summer of 1946, the summer of the Paris Peace Conference, gives the book further value—that of an almost uncanny concurrence with the trend of the reader's interests, ideas and thoughts. Mr. Nicolson has, elsewhere, told us how, in January 1919, he made the journey to Paris, to the Conference after World War I., with a book on the Congress of Vienna in his hand. Even more strongly now, 1946, do the Vienna analogies come to mind; and nobody witnessing the departure of the special Conference train from Victoria could have failed to note how many of the travellers bore with them Mr. Nicolson's *Congress of Vienna*.

None the less, on the second page of the book the author issues a prefatory warning:

The analogies between the events described in this volume and those which we are now experiencing are so frequent that they may mislead. Then as now Great Britain (at first alone and thereafter assisted by powerful allies) had destroyed a totalitarian system which threatened to engulf the world. Then as now the common purpose which had united the Nations in the hour of danger, ceased, once victory had been achieved, to compel solidarity. Some

members of the Alliance sought to exploit their power by extending their former frontiers or by establishing fresh and alarming zones of influence; the realism of their methods was at first obscured by the idealism of their professions. Other peoples, being wearied by long years of effort and adventure, hoped through isolation to devote themselves undisturbed to the problems of internal reconstruction. Then as now there were those among the older generation who were saddened by the fear lest, having made their sacrifice to preserve against an external enemy the world they knew and loved, they had allowed an internal enemy, an inner illness, to sap the vigour of the State. Then as now there were those who felt that in destroying one menace to the peace and independence of nations they had succeeded only in erecting another and graver menace in its place.

But—

We can learn little from history unless we first realise that she does not, in fact, repeat herself. Events are not affected by analogies; they are determined by the combinations of circumstance. And since circumstances vary from generation to generation, it is illusive to suppose that any pattern of history, however similar it may at first appear, is likely to repeat itself exactly in the kaleidoscope of time.

Concentration

LET us, then, use the analogy as a key only, not let it become an infatuation. The Luxembourg—with its amplifiers, its roaring Press rooms, its hive of telephone cabinets, its courtyard humming with cars, its terraces looped with the cables of radio-diffusion—is To-day: generations of growth, change and invention (if not of progress) separate it from the Vienna of 1814-15. Communications—with all they imply to-day—in themselves establish one mighty difference.

The Congress of Vienna is a book possible to come at on several different planes. At the first glance, the beautiful lucidity of Mr. Nicolson's style sets up an illusion of easy reading—and the reader content to be superficial could, I suppose, sail over the surface with an enjoyment higher than he or she deserved; charmed by the visual quality of the writing, the lively personal touches, the close-upness of characters, as in a brilliant film. Or, going a plane deeper, it could be possible to follow the story (thanks to the art with which it is told) without trying to grasp at its implications. But, to confine oneself to this middle course would, I think, be not only an infinite pity but an act of stupidity and ingratitude. *The Congress of Vienna*, fully

and properly read, is hard, never easy, going: to profit by what is in it takes the whole of one's brain. Immense work, high-pressure concentration of the materiel, can but have gone to the writing. More, we have something here which the purely scholastic historian could not give us—Mr. Nicolson's own experience, digestion and knowledge of diplomacy. Our, the ordinary public's, debt to him as a writer about diplomacy, its history and practice, has been for some time great. In the case of this, his latest book, we gain by his power to illuminate, as it were from every side, the historic scene. For the attentive reader, the significance of no episode need be lost.

Personalities

THOUGH I brought to my reading of *The Congress of Vienna*—a reading conducted, at some hours, within the humming precincts of the Luxembourg itself—the best of any brain that I can command, and though I enjoyed and profited accordingly, I do not, for obvious reasons, feel qualified to discuss the book on the level that it deserves. The forces assembled, in 1814-15, the conflicts at issue, the factors at work, are beyond my powers of summary. What remains with me is—a point Mr. Nicolson brings out strongly—how far history is a matter of fortuity. For instance, it could have happened, it was all but miraculous that it did not happen, that the war against Napoleon did not terminate in 1812 (the year at which this book opens).

Had the Grande Armée not made its crossing of the Beresina at an (by the Russians) unforeseen point, the trap would have closed upon it: it would have been captured entire, and Napoleon would have handed in his sword to the Tsar Alexander I. Prestige, victory and the dictation of terms would, in that case, have rested solely in Russian hands. And what, wonders Mr. Nicolson, would have happened then? Not, certainly, the Congress of Vienna. In this imaginary issue, as in actual ones, the possible behaviour of Alexander I. remains incalculable.

As we know, events took a different course: by 1815, after Waterloo, by the end of the Hundred Days, the leadership born of victory was to rest with Britain; it was Castlereagh who, at the second Peace of Paris, drew up the terms whose disinterestedness puzzled and shocked Napoleon. Alexander, victim of his own dual temperament, was, by the spring of 1814, to have muddled away everything he had held. None the less, the Tsar, at once mystic and prima donna, was, with Castlereagh, Metternich, Talleyrand, one of the four outsize figures of the Congress. His headiness stands out in contrast to the effective, subtle calculations of Metternich and Talleyrand, and the aloof, high-principled coolness of Castlereagh. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia would appear, as personalities, to have cut little ice.

The Congress opened under the domination of the Big Four—Britain, Russia, Austria, Prussia. Initially there was the disadvantage of the Big Four's solidarity being incomplete. Widening rifts, and, still more, protracted dissensions and uncertainties as to procedure, enabled Talleyrand to insert his wedge: the addition of Bourbonist France was to make the Big Four into the Big Five. Once established, Talleyrand, unlike Alexander, did not misplay his hand. The disparity between the size of the Congress and the number of those who played any vital part in it, the discrepancy between the over- and underworked, is emphasised by Mr. Nicolson. Expensively and endlessly entertained by the Emperor of Austria, a fantastically large number of people intrigued, copied despatches and went to parties; an outer fringe engaged in espionage, and still further heated the atmosphere by campaigns of scandal. In the heart of this functioned, effectively and without cessation, a few cold brains.

That those few men were strongly reactionary in outlook, and that the Congress they shaped and dominated was therefore strongly reactionary in colour, is the impression left. In Castlereagh it was never a conscious aim to act in any way as a repressive force. His foreign policy, which was to draw such a barrage of criticism from the Opposition at home, was a continuation of Pitt's: he was as blameless in

BOWEN on BOOKS

the matter of *amour-propre* as he was in that of self-interest on his country's behalf. Morally, Castlereagh would appear to tower over the other figures on the Vienna scene—he was without the cynicism of Metternich, the opportunism of Talleyrand, the gusty fanaticism of Alexander. Mr. Nicolson's evaluation of Castlereagh is memorable: here is its closing note:

The essential fallacy of Castlereagh's political philosophy was that by exaggerating the general need for "repose," he sought to enforce static principles upon a dynamic world. Obsessed as he was by the long years of struggle against French militarism, he identified liberal thought with revolution and revolution with war. He failed to realise with sufficient clarity that an Alliance based upon the maintenance of the existing order could not preserve its unity in a Europe in which interests and ambitions were in a state of constant flux. He was apt to interpret the Concert of Europe in terms of the personal relations which he had himself established with the leading European statesmen, forgetting that politicians or monarchs retire, die, or change their moods. He refused to face the fact that both Metternich and the later Alexander were fundamentally averse from democratic or even constitutional thought, and that whereas he desired to use the Grand Alliance to protect the small nations, they desired to exploit it for purposes of repression. Nor did he foresee that a system founded avowedly upon the combined strength of the Three Great Powers would incur the suspicion, and finally hostility, of all those Smaller Powers which had been excluded from the directorate.

Love-Story

LOUIS ARAGON'S *Aurélien* (Pilot Press; 12s. 6d.) is a long, close-packed, slow-moving and, where I am concerned, completely fascinating novel, translated from the French by Eithne Wilkins—and a very nice piece of work she seems to have done. I say "seems" because I have not yet seen *Aurélien* in the original. As a rule, I am rather against long novels, being inclined to find their authors guilty of over-self-confidence or of prolix or lazy thought. I am disposed to wriggle under prolonged descriptions and yawn through detailed analysis of feeling. The fact is, no novelist can make his characters more interesting than he is himself—he may think up all sorts of thoughts, adventures and agonies for them; but, unless he can impart to his men and women some fiery element out of his own soul, the unfortunate creatures remain unlit and pallid, and we rapidly cease to care what they do, wear, see, hear, eat or feel. The trouble is that few of our novelists have much of the fiery element to give off.

Aragon has. It is this, perhaps, most of all which has brought him to the forefront of European writers. Principally I had thought of him as a poet—his lyrics, with their heart-broken simplicity, spoke the anguish of 1940 France; his longer poems are full of the harshness of the Occupation and the heroism of the Resistance. His political journalism is by now not less famous than his poetry. Yet it is still, I find, as a novelist that this Frenchman is most admired and widely known. And *Aurélien* is, he considers, his masterpiece. I have not read Aragon's other novels—*Aurélien* is a masterpiece, certainly.

This novel is a love-story *pur et simple*. The characters in it are, outwardly, of what one might call the popular-novel type—young, dashing, wealthy, sophisticated inhabitants of the Paris of 1921-22: a Paris doing all she can to lose herself in good-timing and forget the war. Aurélien himself, the hero, differs only from his companions in being unable to forget the war: it is still his only reality, holding him in a spell. His dilettante life about Paris means nothing to him—popular, well-to-do, attractive to women, he drifts about like a creature in a dream. In his flat, at the top of a house at the prow of the Ile de St. Louis, hangs a white plaster face—death-mask of an unknown girl found drowned in the Seine. Then, he meets Bérénice: the odd little country cousin up for a few weeks' holiday in Paris. The untoward, disturbing, discordant love of these two for one another is the subject of the book—whose end, nearly twenty years later, in the 1940 chaos of the retreat before the Germans, is as poignant as anything I have read.



Bassano
Mrs. P. W. Marsham, daughter of Major the Hon. Richard and the Hon. Mrs. Coke, of Weasenham Hall, King's Lynn, who was recently married to Major Peter Marsham, M.B.E.



Pearl Freeman
Miss Anthea Hodson, only daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice and Lady Hodson, who has been enjoying the London season after four years of war work. Her brother, Captain Christopher Hodson, is in the Grenadier Guards



Harlip
Mrs. A. R. Ward is the wife of Mr. Alexander Reginald Ward, younger son of the late Major the Hon. Sir John Ward, K.C.V.O., and of the Hon. Lady Ward, of Chilton, Hungerford, Berks



Rathcreedan — Bastian

Major Lord Rathcreedan, The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, of Bellehatch Park, Henley-on-Thames, married Miss Ann Pauline Bastian, elder daughter of the late Surg.-Capt. William Bastian, R.N., and of Mrs. L. Bastian, of Queen's Gardens, W.2, at the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons



Avebury — Westcott-King

Lord Avebury, son of the late Hon. Harold Fox Pitt Lubbock, married Miss Diana Mary Margaret Westcott-King, daughter of the late Capt. Edward Westcott-King, at Caxton Hall

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Onwood — Greenwood

Lt. Malcolm Onwood, son of Mr. and Mrs. Onwood, married Miss Evelyn Greenwood, elder daughter of Col. Greenwood, V.C., D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., and of Mrs. Greenwood, of Home Park Road, Wimbledon Park, at Brompton Oratory



Hay — Eden

Capt. Brian Hay, Gordon Highlanders, younger son of Major M. V. Hay, of Seaton House, Aberdeen, and of the late Mrs. Hay, married Miss Marigold Eden, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. G. Eden, of Culver, near Exeter, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Fergusson-Cunninghame — Blake

Capt. John Fergusson-Cunninghame, M.C., Grenadier Guards, son of Col. and Mrs. Fergusson-Cunninghame, of Caprington Castle, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, married Miss Prudence Blake, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Blake, of Chelsea Park Gardens, London, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



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Jean Lorimer's Page

Another Wolsey model taken from the jewel range is on the left. It is of wool/angora matt jersey cloth; turn-back cuffs are linked with pig grain cuff links, and there are matching pig-grain buttons and belt. Daly's of Glasgow have this in stock at approximately £10 0s. 4d.



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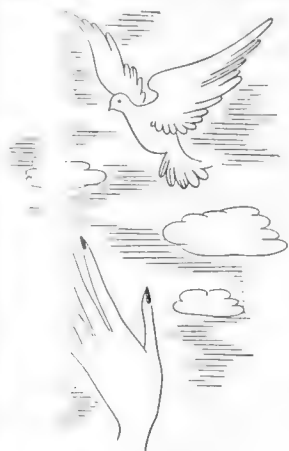
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Stories from Everywhere

LORD HALIFAX amused a banquet audience in Washington with the story of a tramp ship with a heterogeneous passenger list, stranded on an idyllic Polynesian islet.

Soon the little spot was a beehive of activity. The Germans were drilling the natives into an army. The Americans opened a general store and auto agency. The Australians started a race-track; the French a restaurant. Two Scots were financing the whole show, and a couple of Englishmen were still standing around waiting to be introduced.

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN, as well as being the world's greatest mathematician, is also an ardent music-lover and a performer on the violin. In the evenings he sometimes goes round to the house of Arthur Schnabel, the world-famous pianist, and they play a sonata together.

On one occasion Schnabel grew redder and redder at Einstein's difficulty in keeping the tempo during a tricky passage. At last he could stand it no longer, crashed his hands on the keys, and said:

"No, NO, Albert! Can't you count? It is one, two, three—one, *two*, THREE!"

MOTHER came home after her visit to a friend.

"And what did my darling do all the afternoon?" she asked her small daughter.

"I played Postman, mummy," replied the cherub happily. "I put a letter in every house in the road. Real letters, too. I found a big bundle of them in your drawer, tied up in pink ribbon."

A GOLFING novice had driven his ball along the fairway, but unfortunately it disappeared down a rabbit hole.

"What club will you take now?" said the caddie with a smile.

The novice sighed wearily as he scratched his head in doubt.

Then at last he said hopefully:

"Have you got one shaped like a ferret?"

THE Scotsman said the trains in his country were so fast that the fields were all mixed like a plate of broth. The Irishman boasted that trains in Ireland travelled at such a speed that the telegraph poles resembled a fine-tooth comb. The Englishman remarked that once he was in a train at Euston bound for the north and, having a few angry words with the porter, drew back his fist—and struck the stationmaster at Rugby.

Sylvia Sidney has one of the three leading roles in "The Searching Wind," which is the film version of the successful Broadway play by Lillian Hellman. The basis of the film is a triangle love story set against a background of history-making world events. Miss Sidney appears as the journalist, Cassie Bowman, who is in love with a diplomat, played by Robert Young

FROM *Laughs with the Lovelies*, by S. Evelyn Thomas comes the following:

A certain reformer, resolved to investigate the so-called fast life of Hollywood's younger set, arranged to have himself invited to a weekend house party.

Nothing happened out of the ordinary, and about midnight he said "goodnight" and left the youngsters together.

About two hours later a knock on his room door got him out of bed.

Opening the door, he found a young girl in her flimsy pyjamas smiling up at him. He assumed that a mistake had been made and tried to appear nonchalant.

"Did you want me?" she asked the girl.

"Heavens, no!" she replied. "I drew you."

THE sergeant was taking particulars from a new recruit.

"Are you married?"

"Yes, sir."

"Any children?"

"Yes, sir. Five girls and four boys."

"Nine altogether."

"No, sir. One at a time!"

A YOUNG woman walked into a Pittsburgh police station and gave the desk sergeant a detailed description of a man who had dragged her by the hair down three flights of stairs, threatened to choke her to death, and finally beat her up.

"With that description we'll have him arrested and put in jail in practically no time," said the desk sergeant.

"But I don't want him arrested," the young woman protested. "Just find him for me. He promised to marry me."

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

DEMOCRACY is, I take it, a quantitative affair. One adds up the votes for and one adds up the votes against, and one says that the majority is always right. And so it comes about that we have a new Civil Aviation Act which would have been rejected by almost all those who know anything about civil aviation.

The majority in the country has imposed upon the minority, who have worked in and for civil aviation for many years, measures of which the minority cannot approve. Yet the strange thing is that here again, as so often before, the Government has only to ask for officers to serve on this, that or the other committee, council, board or other organization for volunteers from the industry concerned to come rushing in.

All of which convinces me that the ordinary Englishman will give up a political opinion sooner than he will give up a cup of coffee. It is rather sad to see those who have so recently and so boldly proclaimed their political convictions, accepting office in a regime pledged to destroy all that they say they believe in. Lord Winster is to be congratulated upon the skill with which he has dangled the plums of office before the potentially dangerous critics and finally silenced them by letting them take them.

The Chorus

YET I am one of those obstinate people who cannot help sticking to their opinions. It is one of my most serious defects. And it compels me to say that I cannot join in the chorus of "Well, we don't like it; but there it is and we must make the best of it."

I do not think that there is any best to be made of the State aviation to which we are now condemned. I detest it. It ignores the individual, assumes that he is incapable of judging right from wrong; and it glorifies the Government department and assumes that it is the sole arbiter of all worldly affairs.

The greatest travesty of truth is to say that the treatment of the charter companies is "without fear or favour." The charter companies, according to the Act, are prohibited from competing with the three giant, subsidized State corporations, while the three corporations are permitted to use the tax payers' money in competing with the charter companies. If that is fair, something has happened to the meaning of the word without my being told about it.

Aimless Ministry

MEANWHILE, there is the re-organization of the Ministry of Civil Aviation. Personally, I have always held that this Ministry ought to be abolished. It is illogical to have separate Ministries of civil aviation and of transport. The right course is to put air transport within the Ministry of Transport.

But until the crash comes I suppose we must put up with a Ministry without purpose. The crash is bound to come because in the end transport flying will be expected to pay for these things; and that, I am sorry to say, it is not in a position to do.

I therefore recommend all those who are supporters of the Civil Aviation Act to make hay while the sun shines. I will not predict how long it may shine for, but it will not be for more than two years.

Speed Record—To Whom?

THAT was a sound point raised not long before the final preparations for the speed record. It was about the nationality of the record and the holder of it. The position, as I have pointed out before, is clearly enough laid down in the rules, and it shows beyond question that the individual pilot of the aircraft is the holder of the record and that the nationality of the record is that of the pilot.

This year there has not been so much criticism of the rules for the record. I expected it, but it has not materialized. Last year there was a doubt about the safety of flying so fast, so close to the surface of the water.

The real fact is that record-breaking is not safe and never can be. It would not be record-breaking if it were. For the essence of a world record is that it represents an extreme effort on the part of all concerned: constructor, designer and pilot. And extreme efforts are always associated with risks.

Steam Cars

THE procession of motor cars which took part in the Jubilee celebration undoubtedly focused attention again on the veteran machines. They were the ones that took the attention and often created the amusement.

And they brought up once again that old, old question: Why is it that steam cars have not been developed? Some extremely ancient steamers are still going quite well. Yet today steam cars are no longer made.

I have never discovered the real answer to this question. I once had the pleasure of driving a steam car for a considerable distance. It looked normal from the outside and the only noticeable difference was that, when starting, one had to wait up to about a minute before driving off.

I liked that car; but I imagine that it would have needed more maintenance than a petrol-engined car. But I am convinced that every time the old cars are brought out somebody will start moaning about the disappearance of steam cars.



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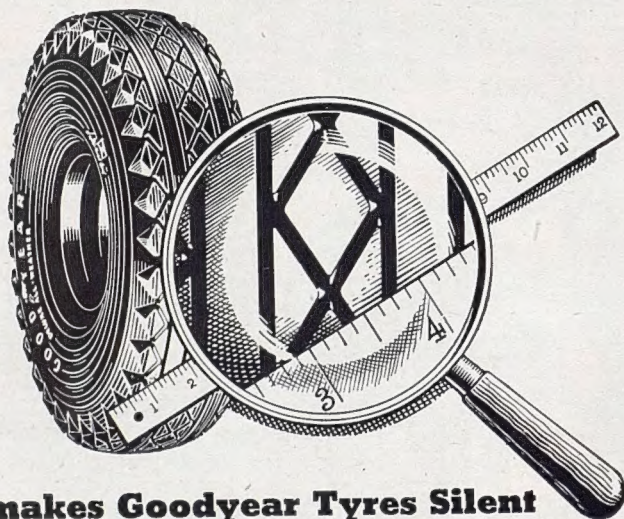
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